OCEAN OF SUNS

Q. R. Quasar

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Introductory Note

Although there is a sequence to the sections of poems and each section has its place in that sequence, and although each poem in a section has its place in a sequence within that section, the reader should feel at liberty to read the poems in my books in whatever order he/she feels like. As Samuel Johnson quipped, "One doesn't read books, one reads *through* books." Even so, the reader is invited to read through these books however she/he pleases. The reader should feel free to skip poems, read poems over again, etc.

- Q.R. Quasar

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Light Shrieks

law säha insän[an] li-shiddati wajdihi bi-hubbihi la-mala'a mä bayna al-khäfiqayni siyäh[an]

If a man were to cry out loud
from the sheer ecstasy of loving God,
he would fill the interval between
the two horizons with a cry.

--Sumnün bin Hamzah,
called, "The Lover" (d. *ca.* 915 A.D.)
from *Tabaqät al-Süfiyya*
(The Generations of the Sufis)

Ra-Rise

the din of combat grows dim and far
as Ra, Disk-Master, goes down in the murk
slowly the battle groan floats in Western Gloam
as the night comes on growing dark
and rumors of Ra's glimmering corpse—
etched in trans-scintillance
and sinking with all its within glow—
are carried on the rising wind chill

in my right oracle, where dead breath should fall,
the full moon with light-haunt brazenly blazons
the clarion echo of Radiance-Ra

in my right auricle, 'gins to rise again, Ra
deep in the heart-zone, the light-shriek
starts to descry the white horizon
where dreams fully waking, Ra-Rise.
all by itself, sings itself to life, radiance.

Los Angeles, 1981

Light Muses

I can see me now
nothing but heart left
the rest burned off as heart escapes
time's atmosphere
all the flesh curling up and dropping off,
just used up boosters falling…
my heart flies free
broadcasting, radiating as it beats,
pounding out the universe-molding blood-trance of light

this mystery molting, this my heart
is the magnetic radiance that collects space
and smelts it down into the pure cry of light

Leopard-Lizard in Light

Hung Up On Them---Jags!

i

orange jewels flash at the sides
of my eyes, green jaguar's eyes prowl
from side to side of magic nights. flash
green jaguars streak…leap
across the eye scream green
across the nightside of my eyes' screen
from some hidden height above and out
                of my sight
they dive. bounding parachute slow down
green sun prominences wiping out the seconds
with the spreading flare spots
red red red
            the knell sings
I sink down into the eye-crunching
                void yawning
        slap smack dab right in front of my face
then the light changes to green
and my jaguars come alight on the balls of my head
they dance as they prowl
slouching off into the dark
their tails twitch as they recede
screen fades out

                for another take

ii

here they come down the path now
my green jaguars in morning mist
you would laugh if you could see them
turn their heads and stare at you
they are so fine. and you would see them
look up for a moment when they dine
my cats are on the path. they will die
at night
they refuse to die
yet. they climb the blood veins of my dreams
they give me that second sight
they pick me up when I'm fallen
by the wayside
in the lower banks of the computer's toothache
they rub their backs against the bark
of my spinal tree. they dig in with their claws,
dig in around the roots of my spinal tree:

once they have landed like owls,
kicking off with a cry of "Geronimo!" from the moon
they dig around my roots with radioactive claws
they hunt the Morse-Code-flashing butterflies
and the two-dimensional glowworms
I hunt jaguars
they hunt light bulbs
when they find them,
they plant them. up come tulip-jaguars
I try to keep the weeds away
from the radioactive green blotches

green jaguars mate with glowing
marine blue sloths
the sloths come slithering into the love
from some polar region of Venus
they steam as they glide in
they hiss as they hit
the eye pits of my
stretching brain skein
my jaguars pounce
in for the love
they will not kill tonight

lemurs interrupt the show
with questions from the floor about telephone bills
I listen to the jaguars' love groan
my jaguars yawn after rolling—
mý jaguars. they do not slink off
they stomp
off. they refuse
to be mine.

they spin on their tails, those
death-blow clowns. they grin ten inches across
then when the play is done
they claw through my eyes' screen

beautiful they growl as they leap through
the hole they've made in the screen
so dumb-struck the cavern of the void growl—
you cannot peel off the edges of the scream—
they slit right through to the blood-brain bell
and when the wake-alarm goes off
you better get your shit together
you've got a half-a-second to bail out of your body

leap into the jungle after green
glowing jaguars. they are radioactive. they have
a half-life of half a second
when they flash and time slows to a grinding
halt, and when they flash and you see
them running towards you and they're ón
then run, mother-fucker!—run after them!—
after they crash through your mind screen
claws dripping sounds of last breaths

iii

green jaguars run before the wind
they do not tack at all
they run in a dead-eye straight
line
from the heart of the storm
the Nothing come to explode everything
and eat

yah! so when you see my green glowing friends,
dive and catch their tails
as they bound past into the dim jungle
whisper in their ears:
'I love you"—
ride on, ride on
green jaguars through the jungle swim
ride on, ride on
the exploding storm on the forlorn cry
whisper in green jaguars' ears:
"I love you"
and they will growl: I break ground
and space and time flow in

when green jaguars announce the immediate storm,
leap! ride! and whisper:
"I love you"—
and green jaguars will scratch with radiant claws
they will lick your inside itch

O.K.—here's a practice run:
here they come!
you've got half a second

iv

burst of bright blight light
watch for green spots
jaguars come born
full-grown from sunspots
they are radioactive hot
they have a half-life
of half-a-second…you have
to bring your life up to ride the light:
now here come on the green light
there you go lost to sight
hold on tight!
the flashes are coming faster
the flashes are coming faster
the flashes are coming faster

v

coming so fast
you see
you are
a solid stream of rushing light
cuts your soul cord
you are light-borne
rising higher into prime radiance

Tehran, 1977
Los Angeles, 1982

Leopard-Lizard Comes Into Light

(for Holqoom—"Throat"—the cat that bled on this poem
from his paw after the poem was already written)

leopard-lizard is a little bit disturbed
it is bone outside and bone inside
no flesh between

the leopard-lizard is bleeding badly
from its right front claw
the leopard-lizard is limping as it calls
the rainforest to its long-parched maw
the jungle marches into its mouth
and breaks this leopard-lizard's mind apart

leopard-lizard lives yet
it collects its bones from the rainforest's source
it has this tension tendency to grip solar gravity
and sling the empty void around its poison pouches
it crunches such dreary uncollapsible dimensions into slobber
the liquid light squirts into rising gristle of brilliance
leopard-lizard cannot help slithering into root radiance

Leopard-Lizard Comes Into Buddha Time, No. 3

squeeze is on
leopard-lizard is jumping in jungle
you wouldn't believe how fast that cat can creep!
its scales are beginning to buckle under the heat
the trees are being uprooted in its path
the rainforest itself is withering and cracking
the earth is not holding
and the leaf-tongues one by one
cease panting
and silent crinkle

the leopard-lizard is running near blind in noon glare
no shade left to rest under
the leopard-lizard is writhing into Buddha Time
its tail lashes
it into light

Lizard-Cat Climbs the Light Spectrum

lizard-cat, not accustomed to any river,
attempts a dawn crossing of the Rio Negro
its claws slip on slick loose tree trunks
carried by force of current downstream
rainforest glutted with wetness
Rio Negro floats all sorts of things
but lizard-cat does not know how to swim
it begins to sing
its way across
in a gurgling growl

it eats night-meat on the other side
from the lips of the lizard-cat drips
savage liquid brilliant spit,
red radiance reaching the spectral white

Leopard-Lizard Looks into Light

the stare has long gone beyond blindness
the leopard-lizard has glued its eyes
to the full glare of solar core
it has crawled through muck and mud
with its eyes reaching up
skies
the leopard-lizard is burning up
into the light that licks it white

Lizard-Cat Licks Light

noon suns stun the lizard-cat at mid-day's daze
while autumnal leaves call the fall
late in the Berkshire's vermillion blaze
lizard-cat is lost in memories' light plays
dazziliance of sorrows dances through its gall
time's spectrum breaks down
into blues and blacks

with all this mad-jawing and clawing around the dark
lizard-cat's native fifth column of light
with thick blood-floods infiltrates this night
again it is high noon

lizard-cat is not bored
by glare-glint brand of granite sun
pores between its scales breathe
the fire-light

the pure inferno is now solidified incandescence
the lizard-cat makes its stand
on the pinnacle of radiance

Los Angeles, Spring 1981

Stormlight Coming Up in Leopard-Lizard's Heart

i

it is almost always autumn in the leopard-lizard's heart
all the colors are brown, red and old yellow
the veins in the still space are not dead
they glow so slowly
                they're unseen by the naked eye

aeons we've been waiting for new news
from the light-pulse of light throbbing eye through eye
leopard-lizard blinks back the blood as it dives eyeheart first
into the lance-cut blur-blaze
breaking into whirl of hurricane-light

ii

there is always news
                breaking in
                        the leopard-lizard's heart
by autumn the non-stop barrage seems
to have softened up that heart for drowning's onset

come winter we hear the light's broken through
the walls of the leopard-lizard's heart
and is now rooting through gardens of darkness

even while the leopard-lizard is buried in the snow
its heart melts a new cave
to open
up
subways to feed the seeding of light
in the vastness of gardens of darkness

it is autumn, of course, when we hear the best news
pulsing from the beleaguered sign-zones
leading from limping leopard-lizard's heart
light is breaking through
in wave after wave of harmonic concussions
radiance reverberates back into resonant silence
as leopard-lizard forwards its paws into winter
its heart greets garden after garden of crystal brilliance

iii

the diseased spit of the leopard-lizard
has infected the light-wound
in the flesh of the garden of darkness.
the garden is going through hot flushes, hot flashes,
living livid fever of radiance

parasite-light lays eggs of radiance
in the root-flesh of the garden of darkness
light bites the black apple
and moves up the root-veins of black chaos

wriggling, writhing worms of radiance
climb the veins into the leopard-lizard's heart
light breaks out in the heart-zone
the fever of light is throbbing
throughout the light-wound
in the flesh of the garden of darkness.
the leopard-lizard is so sick
it won't hunt in the garden
it cannot move
its own heart to light.
no, it is light that moves
the heart back into prime shine.

Los Angeles 1983

Lizard-Cat Unmatched

the lizard-cat has not yet met its match
when the Masque of the Red Death was played out
the lizard-cat stuck its flame-claw inside
that blood-ooze bone-pore skull and made
it breathe fire from its solar core

the lizard-cat has yet to meet its match
it is alive
and on the prowl
it moves skew to the zodiac
in its own field of radiance
it holds the zenith in its growl
its echo burns down other dimensions

you cannot see the lizard-cat
you can only be it
when you sing the wild light

Green Jaguar in Release

the green jaguar takes to the light
and wants to make it its home
the chlorophyll in its blood hemes to the theme of radiance
the magnesium in its green brain
is magnetically in the throes of phototropism

the green jaguar claws into its dream of light
panting into the release of radiance
the slow, the silent
release of radiance

Horus On The Rise

Horus I

Horus is dreaming bright dawn
but it just won't come
Horus is aspiring to bright dawn
cobwebs cling to his eyelids,
don't cure his night blindness

the horizon
bursts into red
spreads its sunrise
Horus's eyes are raging Ra-fire,
born ahowling into vision

the cobwebs are still there:
smile-wreathed wrinkles
twinkling with dawn's crystal shinescape.

Horus II: Osiris-Ra Wakes in Son

i

Horus is thinking bright dawn
Horus is flying Nu
come to avenge the solar murder
flares and flaps, Horus beats blood's flaming sun beams
Horus puts the night to light
and pierces sky's coffin, stabs the black mess
the son emerges live in light
the urge to light squared, merged to light

ii

stars stud Horus's waking streak
shine shrieks time's twilight zone.
rasping with shaft of radiance blast,
shine-shriek issues from Horus's beak
against solar onslaught, night falls in dawnlight
light's dream seeds mind with shine
the myth rises quick and live from death's nightside
the voice of Horus is no longer name—now in the glowing flesh,
Horus is new, mind feathers awhirr in sov'reign shine

Horus III: Night-Hawk Hunts The Sun-Killer

Horus is going to take
a long drink
from the fount of the dead
sun

Horus is thinking:
"bright dawn!"—but
it just won't come

Horus is going to fly
with the ink of polar sky
fly west by south in a spiral fall
to winter cold's crag-lipped mount
Horus is going to take
a long drink from the tip of that fount
and slip inside the dead
sun

Inky Styx blankets his two eyes
black goggles down his throbbing throat
the measure of the dead sun is taken

when Horus rises drunk—
Osiris-Ra's son, Horus the Hawkhead,
god of the living word—
when Horus rises drunk
the sun shrieks out his driving beak
the dead sky is pried
open in vengeance, radiance-rise
cracks the black-box at east
and Osiris, White-egg, shines in two skies

Horus IV

with open beak and solar-
streaked tongue, with rising shriek,
Horus takes the measure of dawn—
gauges its split-piercing pressure
with his own tone of runaway blast
rising in overtime, his heartshine in his mouth,
making for the wide open, streaming out

Horus V: In The Cave of The Seven Sleepers

Horus is clawing for dawn's breath
(the seven-languaged dead stirring from languish)
aiming to wake the heart-sun
with its liquid ray-squish, ray-squish, ray-squish
under the ripples of concentric symbols
in the pool of night
Horus pats his hunting dog and *théy're óff!*
--ripping through the lead wrappings
they sweat off the gift of light
words shine as they drip off
panting tongue and crystal beak

running headlong down the home-drive undersky,
with solar burst of speed
they turn on
the night
deep they drink from ripe, the pool,
the heart-sun fountain

Horus VI: Celestial Fire

ship of Osiris-Ra drowned in underworld
embalmed with liquid light by star foundry
Horus, son's duty, ignites the corpse-pyre,
burns Seth alive
space is a hotbed of radiance

Milky Way catches fire
mind space is haloed by fire and aura
light roars
winds of light
consume space

long after the blast, new light rises in one shaft
space is a seed-bed of radiance

Horus VIII: Horus on Dawn Mountain

Horus on his perch of Dawn Mountain
waits for the right moment for the sun's motion
to come around and afford him close purchase
on fledgling radiance to make the light his own

Horus, himself adopted by light,
confirms his inheritance of radiance
by capture of first glint
and transmittal into living myth:
talons streaking dawn sky
with green strokes of spring growth—
Horus attains the full flight of light

Riyadh, 24 Oct 86/12 Feb 87

Horus IX: Wing-Flap of Eternity

wrapped in the wing-flap of eternity
the magic of the mummy's coffin lives on.
Khepera, the beetle, bears the sun
deep into the beating warmth of your heart
where Horus, the sun hawk,
announces the new arrival of dawn
and passes on
the reverberation of the eternal moment
of radiance in ascendance.

Boston, 26 Nov 86
(on viewing an exhibit at the Museum of Fine Arts)

Light Rises to the Call

The Shattered Vision of Gilgamesh

"what can be done
with a broken pot
except to sweep it up?"
--Sumerian proverb

i

Enkidu calls from Eridu
and says he's in a funk
he's sweating, his heart's racing
he says he hurts
here, here, here and here
he asks me, will I come?

I am Gilgamesh who hastens now hastens
to his friend who's on the blink.
Enkidu has sore fought and lost
to bull of black shoulders, sharp arching
lunging horns. this bull prevailed
and gored Enkidu in the dust.
as his blood is bleeding out,
Enkidu is becoming mud. This rust-
coloring thrashing is calling
me now: he says this is the last
and does not know what he shall be
-come, nor does he recognize the mud.

I am Gilgamesh the Root of man
forests, who takes up root and walks
and leaves a drunken trail of wail—
Gilgamesh the Pen howls as he walks.

That's me…(!?!)…who mourns the dead
Enkidu and fumbles through the doors…
the walls of Ur are solid
but Enkidu knows no more—
not that, nor that I scrawl
my path of ink on the wall
and scrawl it in the streets of Ur
and on the thresholds of the urge
to scream from all the throbbing minds of Ur.

I am Gilgamesh who hastened
to the calamity that Enkidu became.
Enkidu was my certainty—
now Enkidu sputtered in the dark.
Once bright light flickered, guttered out.
And I, Gilgamesh am left with this:
flesh of love rots at arm's
length and handless arm cracks
in the wind, is torn off at the trunk.

Enkidu the well-worn pail
dropped down the well's abyss.
I cannot see the pail's fail;
I hear no splash at bottom.
Dry is the spring and hushed
is Enkidu the water gush.
Panic-stricken I fail in hoisting pail.
Woe, Gilgamesh! The rope is slack and rotten.

The sheer abysmal drop as Enkidu fell away
like a landslide from the heartland.
I cannot help but replay the catastrophe:
He drops, he plummets, I cannot hold him;
over and over he falls away;
again Enkidu is cut off, cut
off evermore from the living.
And I, Gilgamesh, arise alone
from this empty ache where two
were before:
This my own
bleeding brain was Enkidu;
this was partner to my eyes;
this was nerve-joined to my dreams—
footfalls heard I in my ear
then Enkidu was gone.

One morning woke I from my woe,
my nightmares, I returned them
to their shelves with alphabetic care.
I left them standing where they were;
I took leave of habit suddenly
and climbed the mountains and strode
through deserts parched and pitted;
I waded through bogs dream-pocked—
they bugs they stung me—
I got caught in a stairwell
in an avalanche of thought.
It was there that I parleyed
with the ancient, the legend and his wife.
There we haggled and then I pleaded
for the knowledge which is life.
I fell a-dream in mid-parley—
I woke up strangling, back

there in weeds and boggish thought,
fast was I stuck, in the stairwell caught.

With elixir in hand, I wriggled,
I slithered hard and soft.
Hither then thither Gilgamesh
slithered off
to the preparation for the ceremony
of the trough. Though rough
and dirty was the earthware jar,
inside was smooth with smoky-green
elixir. Some animal at meal-
time would spin beyond con-
fines of lines, rhymes and reason.

It was I, it was I
who had it in my hand.
Like liquid did it drop from my mind—
I saw it and I knew it.
I sucked in the breath of life,
I breathed out and coughed.
The fumes were all-pervading;
I got drunk on knowing:
this made me forget Enkidu—
I stumbled into Eridu.
My stomach began to turn;
I could not keep from vomiting.
I puked out all the mystery,
the ancient's food and magic.
There was a gutter close
by, and I leaned over as I soured.

This was acrid, this was bitter,
but a rat scum from the sewer
darted up and out and ate it—
ate it all, the regurgitated magic.
Much good it would
do him I mechanically reflected.
Soon I became aware of ache and chafe.
I was chilled to the bone. I had
a dulling hangover, but alas, nothing
more.

ii

(five years later--)

Gilgamesh the Ponderer started
then I said to Gilgamesh the Pen:
What's this whining? Come,
quit this…seek the ancient,
the flood, and his magic mystery again.
Steady-study your stomach
wheel fumes of spit-spin-twisting
knowledge as it breaks the days'
twilit gloamed and gray-dulled moan
in the fusion furnace of sunrise!

this time
with concentration fierce and devoted
to the magic, Gilgamesh
with red and white cries
was absorbed and established
in the radiance of Dawn

San Francisco
Spring 1975
and
Los Angeles, 1979

Light Throughs

through the zenith of dimensions
radiance founts the luscent skies
the skein of dimensions evaporates in light

From Somewhere Else the Light

from somewhere else the voice spoke
from somewhere else the dark broke
into light
        singing new truths in the upfling of wing
the wing of light is singing
        the shape, the thrust, of another cosmos
        octaved one dimension higher—
                a gathering radiance.

The Reverse Urge to Radiance

i

the "oohs" and the "aahs"
rise, uncontrolled sighs. the boys
have been throwing stones at the light
only to see them return:
the sheer shower of radiance
as the light takes its turn to speak,
transhueing as the rainbow rhymes
rain and sun

ii

these are the harmonics of light
climbing the fathoms of blackness:
the pits and abysses of darkness
encave the radiance:
incandescence transcends the question of darkness
by its blinding Presence.
then all you see is Light

the heart is beating light and dark
I should know, for I am tuning
my heart to the key of light

Light Dances

Shiva, Lord of the Dance, Is Perfectly Out of Step

even when
light's scream hits stride full stream
there is a gravelly grit ripping full flower
the onset of brilliance sweeps the scoring void before it
dissonance is integral to the texture of harmony

Radiance Digs In: Stormlight

years roll like thunder and lightning
about my head. clouds clog
the lightways till they build up electric head
then spin-spark torus of gyring light
feeding off its own out-spread of sparks
a column of solid light is fused into high whine

throbbing toric spindles, fields of light mesh,
resonance upon resonance,
dimension re-threading dimension:
light shines through its own double helix
light matches light matches light
light multiplies light multiplies light

Jerking Into The Arena of Radiance

coagulations of nervous jerkings
knot the nerve noose,
knock the tangled nerve-nets into fibrillations,
sympathetic and para-sympathetic ganglions
so off-kilter that no nerve points north

regaining the track of radiance in blast,
you jump into the stream's treacherous current
you are lucky you gain a footing on a light-bar
and dance in the blast, joining the jet-surge of radiance

Light Ladder

i

starting with stately slow steps of devotion,
soon possessed, we scramble up ladder of light.
dancing where there are no rungs,
our feet touch light.

ii

or by slow degree or by sudden incandescence,
light is present.

High Dance in Matter

a high dance in matter
a high dance is this conscious shining light
light sheds its grounding skins and takes flight
into the deeper source-suns in void-seas
light sews up the sum of skewing dimensions
into the outbreak main of shine
radiance is moving through.
the great currents of radiance
transfuse the veins of void-seas
with sets of suns' shine raised to powers
of one into one into one into one
blood-web of rooting radiance
radiance is moving through
it never stops here in its pulsing
radiance is moving through

Dream of Light

Dream Scream

when you raise your hands like scarecrows
and begin to moan, calling out the names
in the roll of the unknown ghosts,
the long list of tenuously thin shadows
strangling you from ancient distance—
you raise out your hands and chant,
then the numbered moans multiply and divide
giving rise to full-fledged flying screams
tied fast to the blow-hold of the past.
you look down the black
and see the blast
coming
                at the speed of light

if you live out your dream long enough
you collapse as you bloat into blast,
high scream blurring into the mainstream.
dying at the speed of light,
your raised hands are fusing down at last.
bruising-bright radiance:
the eye melts as it bites into light

dawn puts the horizon to the knife,
pries open sky-boxed boundaries.
the light slits through,
slips into bloostream, rides
eye-pulse, eye-pulse, eye-pulse
night banished in your heart and in your sight
light-famished now, eye leans into lightline,
mind breathing bruising-bright radiance

Dream of Light Takes the Driver's Seat

light
soaking up and infusing matter, collecting and concentrating,
gathering the widely-scattered particle images of dream,
the dream of light bonded co-valently with matter—
matter knows the photal flood of invasion
to be
its own
radiant self
the dream of light is achieved

here in the synaptic gap, their attraction fuses fields—
the electric contact of light and matter
threading and rethreading, each inside the other,
sparks off the waking heart's light beat
generating intergalactic bridges amidst void spaces

the dream of light takes root in the dawn twilight
the urge to radiance crawls up the horizons
light is in no hurry, its shine is sure
light does not move; we move to light

Dream of Light

the dream of light is dawning
over the high seas of sleep
the dream of light is waking in its cocoon
long has it been massing and gathering
the urge to radiance
the solar pupa has reached threshold shine
light rises, light takes flight,
orienting dimensions in its wake
to light

Angelic Light

Angelic Presence

angelic presence breaks up the dawn calm,
strips the horizon of long its brood.
brilliant break-out of bright prising mind
seizes the void with its parallax pincers
deliberately focused on infinity's distance
presence knows no time no space
its is the deliberate pressure, bright on bright,
that fuses root presence into light

Plague of Light

Rising Wind

on the garbled edge of pus
shifting up sharp into the civilization game
some kind of light leaps
shine
to infect that distant spinning darkness

the wind rising between twitching dimensions
that just don't quite touch
swirls into that magnetic radiance
that has the authority to name
home

Swarming Light Locusts

i

the gift if light is wrapped
in a pericardium of blood, heart-corona
the song of the ache radiates
flaring solar prominence, from sunspots spurting.
blood spots sloshing in their aura
the haunting light sworn to raise its blood
to the piercing pitch of fusion drive
photons swarm up the dimension ladder
light locusts eat up the rungs
parallel locusts fuse into light
where dimension crossbreed
at the approach of infinity
horizons melt
light bursts in upon mind

the Great Cackler Sings as it sits
in Its egg of light
the Great Cackler shines as It sings
Its nest rests at the far side of sky
all skies gravitate toward light
light throbs with its love song
it is that cutting ache that is
the spring of harmonic song
light sings as it cuts
deep into mind

when the high sign bursts into song
mind lays an egg
parasite, gift of light
mind lays an egg:
parasite light.

ii

light thrills the living void
with a doubleback on its own nothing
light threads the void with its bloodwebs
throbbing
the void impregnates itself with light

Spinning Centrifuge Fever

the disease is far gone
the poison long seeped through awareness,
has steeped veins with its play of shadow and light

when on the dark side
of a whirling planetary mass
blocking out the solar sight,
the eclipse grips you---
choke-hold on the pulmonary of light.
then inner radiance is tried.
essence put to test
in a centrifuge:
collapsing universe in reverse
mind-mass squeezed into light
as it flies out of time

Long The Light (Vast Cysts of Light)

light, a disease of the void,
is endemic, its cysts entrenched
in springs of surprise
light's sway spreads sideways to time
light long flown doesn't fade
though suns go
supernova and then sink into neutron stars
while neutron stars implode into black holes
long the light

civilizations hit crests, go supernova, then slump
back into jungle—but, if when live
light is thrust
out onto the mind-waves general,
intelligence antennae reláy and multiply
spiked patterns of pulse in brilliance,
a dance of resonance illuminating resonance,
web of incandescence rethreading incandescence,
long the light builds

when the trigger is tripped and light takes hold
the context of light explodes
light is on its own

crystal-brilliance radiates mind from ob-
tuse angles of its slanted rash
even in the palpitation of heart light
you can hear radiance singing for sheer pierce and flood
long the light fills, long the light loves, night and void

long the light, light long flown, still flies.
parsecs long gone, light long flown,
light is on its own

Relapse Into Light

i

relapse into light
after restless action black
the reverse plague of radiance
culls you back into its open-ended sack
relax on the killing wrack
relapse into light

ii

relapse into light
the cosmos collapses back into radiance mass
the mind gathers the blast to core infinity
light is the polar dimension
around which other dimensions align themselves
entranced in a magnetic field of radiance
relapse into radiance, bright pressing light

Light Dies

Antarctic Stuck (Long-Gone Suns)

"from the depths of galaxies burned to ash, I…"
--Ahmad Shamlu

there is a place where the sun never
never shines but only gloams
it is twilight from dusk to dusk
pale reflections of rays scrabble
across the morass of cracked ice
re-frozen

through the frozen sea of iceberg mountains
glares the blast of wind moaning long-gone suns
there is a wooden ship stuck in that place
its sails are tatters, its masts are fractured
there is someone aboard ship staring sunwards
but there is no sun at twilight there
perhaps it will be twilight there forever
someone on deck stares at a pale horizon
the long low moan holds the eyes in constant sound
there is no escape from the roar of its blast

it was just thus at the age of six
that I looked and learned to whistle:
sucking the cold wind *in*

Sun on the Run
(The Fourth Law of Thermodynamics)

when the sun is on the run
--inconsistent ramshackle radiance--
it's haphazard with its wobble
its weak and wild outbursts of shine
are erratic and out
of phase at
the edge of
triggering
supernovae, now but lost
promise botched, threshed and scattered

somewhen the sun-gut pulls in,
gathers in total collapse
a mass-shine so bright
no further need for light
one stroke of brilliance
brings mind full shine

when the sun is on the run,
a long fall in void's abyss,
with the friction of unconsciousness,
brings accelerating darkness
to the threshold of light.
light's phase change at one thrust
reverses the universe.

the fourth law of thermodynamics:
light has no past.

light begins—
just jumps up into total presence—
light begins.
light careers on in moment momentum

Tropic of Radiance
(Winter Solstice Song)

is light on its last legs?—
totters the false-dawn twilight
on the brink of dawn-thrust
only to fall back in fatal collapse
night's riverbank is slippery with felt loss
the rush to radiance again frustrated
but the river itself must needs find its way down to sea,
and does,
liquid pitch trundling through failed wastes
and murk-marshes,
till all such floods drown, fulgor-foamed, in light's oceans

radiance, so fulmin-mouthed, bursts into new song,
its main-spray igniting mind's turgid palette
to flow in luciform liquid pulse to light's phototropic pole

Los Angeles; December, 1981

Light Fount

Burrowing into Sun

burrowing deep into sun
we have long passed
        the so-called cool
                zones of the sunspots
our eyes grounded in the gravity
of core radiance
we shine in the raw as we touch home light
we are light as we join
the dense plasma dance

we know by supernova
we turn the core radiance
inside out
we ride the shock wave
we are light as we light
we spread the radiance dance
as we light
we are light

Rifling Radiance

i

the splendor of dawn rises in rifling radiance
the glory that rifts the sky
is a flame burning up its abyss
dawn flames up from its wick of a pit
void is oxidized in this photosynthesis
leaves of the sky sweat off light
the birth of incandescence is strenuous

ii

the ground of chaos, like thick moondust
aeons out of kilter in the radiance mill,
the ground of chaos swirls up into whirl
the cyclone twists chaos into perpendicular thrust
dawn lifts off from the torque of the mill
suns are ground into the flower of your heart rays

Light Resolves I

undifferentiated dark-blighting blast of light
troughs climb-combine in one crest
one tidal wave of light

now light is fully awake
the incandescence surges live
it makes no stops,
exerts unrelenting brilliance

The Hole in the Fountain

i

you open your mouth to speak
against the withering wind's furnace blast.
all
by itself,
out gushes a glacier balanced on tongue's
wellspring of wet radiance

ii

painting on the murk's midst
light jumping into you
perpendicular to the flatness of your dimension grasp
light moves through you at ninety-degree
angles to your vision
you learn to dance to the sidelight
coming head on
it is nothing but mainline and shine
once you were glad to be gripped in the light trap
now you go in dead center
knowing it's the only way to go
you fall through the volcano,
inverse explode.

you are the jet of light
fusing dimensions in your burning glow
there is nothing left to see you shine

Galactic Time-Catch II

bright white laser light flares out
into spread-wide infinity arc
the rainbow opens and closes
in epileptic rhythm

everywhere darkness collapses
into luminous blare
light blooms: crushing press bearing
up interfering dimensions resolving—

interfering dimensions now resolving,
torus infinity bloom
light breathes out…

Embryonic Light
(In the Dimension Clutch)

i

somehow midst the pitch dark,
springs of light gush,
adding to the jagged organism of dimension.
shine-plasm
gathers its blastulas
massing and forming
the body of light
the webbing nerve-bone of light is knit with darknesses

ii

somehow amidst the light
rotting away at far reach—
fuzzy edges fading away gray to
blacker and black and pitch—
new bright breaks out
rays wriggle out kindling space to
new life rooting away
at near shine
light grows in the slow burst
of its own radiance

, roots
the void with human memories
coding a ladder back to light home
you read the radiance
as it jigsaws ever fitting the fusion
over-brilliance, over-drive, light arrives
home

Light Gathers

Eden III: A Return Journey To The Fountain of Wonder

the Golden Path in the Garden of Eden goes nowhere
once you are on the path you stop in your tracks
as you step back half a step into Eden's trance
you see:
you are already here on the golden throne of presence
there is no need to go any further on the path
the Garden of Eden gathers you into its dreadless freshness
now that you are here you have lost all fear
you have no need to stay in Eden's trance state
yet there is nowhere to go, you just shrug
you are in the cocoon of the Golden Path
you see
the Golden Path
you take half a step back
you are going nowhere
you are on the Golden Path
the Golden Path in the Garden of Eden goes nowhere
it is here in the eyes of your heart

you do not look for anything
you find
the Golden Path
here in the eyes of your heart

A Buddha Sitting (Rocket Radiance)

i

shsh! there is a Buddha sitting
in this void
and that and that and that and thát void

ii

if you dig down deep into light's darkside
you find a ready rearing radiance
that whelms you when you'd lost
all hope in light
you lose hope in light

a flame plays over bridges of abyss.
the intant before
and the instant after
solid vacuum's eternity
is a rage of radiance taking all in its rays
radiance is a bridge spanning vacuum's eternity

iii

rocket radiance is fueled by solid vacuum
all other stages of being drop off
when rocket radiance blasts off
and climbs leaving resistance behind
all the mind bursts its skin as it burns

when the sun flies through friction
all layers except solar core burn off
when mind is in deep dimension-transfer trance
all the limbs except central Presence flame away
Presence melts all lines of perspective
into an alloy of absolute void and light

Exponential Shine

i

against dazzilance of shineplasm
and the light thriving and rooting through
void's pores, its craters of matter,
it is plain from the growing radiance
that life sees itself
exponential shine
that light sees itself
shine fusing shine
yet there is no membrane
to thrust-thriving radiance
light is a germ cell
instilling void to light

ii

the square of the speed of light
is light's sight of light
the mass is the instant impact of mind

at the tone of infinity
light inveins time

Light Strikes

i

frayed at the edges
        of its dimension cluster,
light gathers ungainly mass, urges ever…
        vortex spreading in, driving inwards
        with banding, erg-bending
                centripetal attraction and
                fusion of far-flung dimensions

even the skew ones fuse two
into white blast of massed light

the horizons of void
overlap with the urge of dawn

come false dawn
                and its ungainly mirage,
lines in the splay of shine
bend, coagulate, and interpenetrate
the play of black backdrop.
come skew, come straight, the true
dawn is no game

ii

light strikes all hearts
to their void core
light quicks the dead heart
                once more
far flung, far flung, far into time

iii

fright at the edges, light
gathers unconscious mass to electric contact,
mind probing the solid void.

the void is stained with animal wetness,
consciousness howling at the closed circuit.
at times, the electricity clots.
then the web of light sparks into instantaneous attack,
the dark drying up before the light.
it is wet, the consciousness, that feeds the light.

The Act Is Shiva

it doesn't matter who's got the plague this time
it comes around to you in due course
it all feeds into that divine void
that eats me and itself too
it is this very torus of eating itself
that springs me swimming in that abyss
upended and suspended in divine shine
light gathers abyss into heart

Crystal Brilliance (Heart of Light)

i

crystal brilliance grows
into the void
the void grows back
into crystal brilliance

void shines with its black light
void shines in spite of itself
I am eaten by that void
I am digested into crystal brilliance
void grows by shine and shine

ii

crystal brilliance
creates place
around it

crystal brilliance seems
suspended in some kind of space
until you join the shine

light gathers the void into brilliance
you too swept up into magnetic radiance
you incandesce into the heart of light

Just Light

Daylight

light carries the day
noontide bestride the sky, high in ascendant reign

those who go astray in light's high tide are lost at sea

noontide strides high the sky,
shines it over the shadows, washing
out the dark, away the pits
there is no relief left in the deluge of brilliance
thirst is quenched in the flood light

when noon shoots off
                from the cycle of days
and the zenith flies straight up
                in centrifugal release,
time is stopped dumb
light has the last say.

Just Light II

after all this swirl of
cloud-dark across your heart
light pulls you in
after all this sorrow-drowning
light blinking between horizon's waves
with almost never
a leg of light to stand on
then comes now this sheer upsurge shaft of brilliance
takes you

just light left
you are alone
in total shine

Time Tries to Define Light

in time
the stars bleed steadily light
a disharmony of it with gaping wounds
in the synaptic gaps of incandescence
the rhythm of the thing, the stained
threads of mystery's webbed net

in time
the further the mind shines
the wider the wound at the gap
between the realization of darkness
and light's capacity to outstrip that
realization

but time is up
where you meet light on the far side of "impossibility"
touching off all into shine
now light defines

Void-Jumper

when the suspension bridge of shine breaks down in time
the void-jumper has cables of light in mind
the void-jumper is a switch-hitter
on and off the void,
sparks smack the contact
hit that synaptic gap across galactic shadow!
the blaze flares up as you get in close
presence

at a distance, stars
belie their blinding light-hold—
get in close and presence gravitates you

the gap had only one side
facing void
now no gap and no side
I, wide
presence
arrived in high void
seas
one wave blaze, all-crest
presence!

One of the Ten Thousand Rises

one of the ten thousand ants ranked in rows
of three abreast who once were Indra himself
in *kalpas* long past of hoary yore
and who were parading through
Indra's ambitious new palatial construction, all the while
…being identified and psychically calcified by
the wondrous boy Krishna (whom e'en I've seen
standing at the log-crossed stream, entrance
to Eden's Garden, mé offering flowers)—
one of the ten thousand ants haps
to stumble and look
up as he falls: he sees
from On High, inside sky's stars' wild syst
ematic
course, yes
sees
he then, something
about to descend

something like fire, he leaps
screeches fierce nothings, is fully
absorbed in fire's dive,
sky

lightning grounds lightning
fire joins fire
light touches light
sky opens sky opens sky opens sky

Lost Vikings (--900 years—no change)

i (1067)

so we are awash at sea
waves coming over the bow, we plow
walls of crashing sea. the men hold
to their oars, life-greedy, trance-
less-drown-fearing, hold, they hold
and the good wood ship holds too,
holds us safe and we are through
yet another wave-wall in trans-Atlantic
crossing
when the sea is drunk, stars dance
it's hard to get a fix on the mocking sky

when we made it back to Reykjavik
we were not the first, glory was little
the famine there was great, our hap trifles
against the frozen hopes aching in their graves.
fame? we pride but our names will be lost
as the days we filled with ocean emptiness

when we got back to Reykjavik
we got roaring drunk for days
some had good wives to smynk
and kiss at night. aye, that
is hap. yet famine might yet take
us all, loved and loveless all call
down godsea's ope'd maw
sickles of question sharks line its jaw

ii (1967)

"light cap'n, dead ahead!"
bobbing in the storm-shocked sea.
"hold her steady as she goes!" (aye, cap'n")
I lash myself to the helm when
we head into the maelstrom
this nothing unusual, we always keep
the light to starboard as we rot down day's daze
but now we arrive: light live ahead!

Black Radiance II (Just Light III)

black radiance takes the stage
black radiance is the stage
darkness does not take on a new hue
darkness does not take on a new light
vast blackness is radiance in depth

Light as Virus

light is a virus
when it hits and penetrates
live matter,
light reprograms the dynamics of matter
and turns it into light

light is a parasite
it has no life of its own
it is inert until it hits,
until it infuses, matter
with the turn-on program of radiance.
light is a parasite.
it is inert until it bites
into matter
and makes it live light.

there is a symbiosis
of host and parasite:
matter and light.
matter is not truly alive
until it blends with light.
then matter oozes and squirts
jet-radiance through it pores

the universe squeezes itself
the universe compresses down
to the smallest bit of matter,
to the smallest volume of space
the universe squeezes and turns on the heat.
the friction of compression, the scrape
of rubbing, make matter break,
break out into light.

light is a disease that infects
matter distorted by the squeeze.
light infuses matter, radiance flows:
light turns matter into light.
when the touch of light takes,
an epidemic of light breaks out

light is a virus, a meme,
that replicates itself in matter.
when light hits and penetrates
its host of matter,
it turns matter into light.
it reprograms the vector of matter
and turns it
into light.

when light takes
in the inner guts,
down in the depths of compressed space,
the disease of radiance passes
the turning point
and space collapses—
space collapses into light.
where the rays spread
there is nothing left
but light.

10/02 and 10/03, 2010 C.E.
3° Kelvin, 13.7 billion years
after the Big Bang (ABB)
Maryland, USA
MWG, Virgo Cluster

and Virgo Supercluster in the Fornax-Shapley
Superclump of Galaxies
riding "the Dark Flow"
towards the unknown
"Great Attractor"
all in the Web-Wall of Galaxies
streaming towards the unknown
"Even Greater Attractor"
in the allwhere
of the known and unknown
Universe

Ocean of Suns – Long the Light!

All Systems "Go" (Ocean of Suns)

in an advanced stage of radiance fever,
an ocean of suns seethes and heaves

in the supernova explosion all systems are "go"—
not one sun, but a shoreless ocean of suns—
all at once, they all go supernova

Takoma Park, Maryland; 27 May 1989

Qalansuwara II

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
the qalandar loses his conical hat in a blizzard of light
the qalandar loses his head in raking raging radiance
Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
the dancer does a double trip into darker dazzilance
the dance sinks deeper into dredging dissolution
seas of suns fusing denser, denser yet
than the dull breaking darkness in its bleak blanketing black

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
the heart drenches inner space with its radiance

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
the high dance of light, drilling brilliance,
drapes the cancer with bruising bright radiance

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
the furthest reach into the dance's solar source,
this center, this the culmination of dance
into which the qalandar glides on his river of tears

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
it is the tears of wonder that guard these gates
leading into the onrake of take-all radiance

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
beyond any reach of reason but sheer breach of dimensions
light breaks the spell of darkness
full fulgence reigns throughout
the root-rock of darkness
light breaks the spell of darkness

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
the ocean of light roars in relentless radiance
it is a steady still zenith of dimensions
nothing stands unthrilled of this brilliance

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
there is nothing but the spell of light
radiance does not reach. all things fall to light.

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
light calls all hearts to breathing brilliance
radiance pulses through the dimension roots
even the living sleep is subject to the red radiance reign
even the darkness grows into living light

Qalánsuwára Qalánsuwára
the light sings
its own song
spelling the darkness
Qalansú-Qalansú
light blooms into white silence

Flower-Light

the bloom on the flower of great *mäyä*
is fast fading--
breaking
down
into light

Curlique of the Universe
(Ocean of Suns II)

when the curlique of the universe touches itself,
an ocean of suns blooms
from bud inlaid in bud

petal spreads from petal
shine inside shine shines

Takoma Park, Maryland; 26 May 1989

Shine in the Solid State
(Ocean of Suns IV)

at the cosmic pole lies frozen
an ocean of suns, a solar glacier
at absolute zero
there is solid radiance
not one sun moves
the polar ice is white-shine, still brilliance

Ocean of Suns V

an ocean of suns moving freely
densed so close in solid pack
that they form the heaviest
dimension-gravity pull
all things fall into light
the dimensions dance around the polar light
you too join the one-ing of the suns' dense.
burns the past, slits the dream's future jugular—
does the suns' dance.
an ocean of suns densed solid dazzilance
brings you full pull
to the polar upthrust
in the sure solid hold of source-shine

Takes Over in the High Curl of Sun Seas
(Ocean of Suns VI)

an ocean of suns thrusting through
gravity's blanket of atmospheric darkness
evaporates into soular radiance, the skew
fusing with the parallel into central stillness
where radiance in mass
holds solid shine
years' aches harmonize
into the base level of radiance

Steady Stellar Radiance

a steady stellar radiance
infinity growing solar
into its vital source

no edge to shine's reach
no end to void's light core
no center to eternity
except momentous light, Present

Solid Dimension of Light

a solid dimension of light:
it is all core, one core, centrifugal
pressed-fused with centripetal.
all light leads home.
suns nest in a solar web.
the skein is riveted to a peg of light,
a solar pole,
a solid and fully penetrable,
mass of light.

Notes

"Ra-Rise" was first published in an anthology entitled *Greatest Poems of the Twentieth Century (1982).*

"Horus II: Osiris-Ra Wakes in the Sun": Nu: See E.A. Budge, *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* (see note below).

"Horus III: Night-Hawk Hunts the Sun-Killer" (p. 39):

> line 9: ink: Horus in the poet's throat has assimilated Thoth, the Ibis-headed, Egyptian god of knowledge and writing. When Seth (Set) killed his brother Osiris, king of the living, Thoth advised Horus how to wreak vengeance upon Seth (Horus's own uncle). Horus duly hunted down and slew Seth in mortal combat. Osiris is identified as Rä (the sun god) in *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* (trans. E.A. Wallis Budge, New York: Dover, 1967) for Rä must travel through Osiris's realm each night, going from west to east. (When slain, Osiris became king of the dead and the underworld.) Also, Osiris is the sun which rises on the dying, the Mother Clear Light (or "Primary Clear Light"). See *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* (*Bardo Thödol*), translated and edited by Läma Kazi-Samdup and W.Y. Evans-Wentz, respectively, (New York: Causeway, 1973) 89 ff.
>
> line 18: Here Horus has taken on the Gilgamesh quest myth. See the discussion of Gilgamesh in *Hamlet's Mill* by Giorgio de Santillana and Hertha von Dechend (Boston: Gambit, 1969).

line 27: "two skies:" the sky of the living and the sky the dying.

"Horus IV" (p. 40):

line 4: "split-piercing pressure:" splitting and piercing pressure, i.e., pressure that pierces the dark and splits earth from sky.

"Horus V: In the Cave of the Seven Sleepers" (p. 41):

Note to the title: Gibbon relates the Christian tale of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (chapter 33: cited in The Holy Quaran, trans. and ed. A. Yusuf Ali [Lahore: Ashraf, 1973] 730, note 2337). Apparently, seven young Christian men went with one dog to a cave to escape official Roman persecution of Christians by the Emperor Decius (r. 249-251 A.D.). They supposedly awoke during the Christian reign of Theodosius II (r. 408-450 A.D.) to find that Christianity had become the official religion of the Roman Empire: they no longer needed to fear persecution. Perhaps it is of interest to note that the Virgin Mary is said to have lived out the last years of her life just outside Ephesus. (Ephesus is now just inland from the Turkish Aegean coast near Izmir.) Giorgio de Santillana and Hertha von Dechend suggest in *Hamlet's Mill* (Boston: Gambit, 1969) that the seven sleepers have an older and deeper significance as symbols of astronomical recurrence (such as King Arthur, the Once and *Future* King): perhaps they represent the (then-known) seven "planets" that journey in the sky and return to their points of origin

(i.e., "wake up" after shorter or longer intervals. (The seven planets at that time were the moon, sun, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.) Or perhaps they were the Seven Sisters of the Pleiades? Perhaps the guardian dog was Sirius, the dog star, the brightest star? Thus go the speculations.

For Gibbon's version of "The Fable of the Seven Sleepers", see Edward Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, An Abridgement by D.M. Low; Harcourt, Brace and Co. (New York, 1966) Chapter 33: 479-481.

The Koran (*al-Qur'än*) calls the seven sleepers the "Companions of the Cave" (*ashäb al-kahf*: 18: 9; trans. A.Y. Ali, 730). It discusses the position of the sun in relation to the cave (18: 17). Ali interprets this as indicating that the cave faced north (note 2347, p. 732). The Koran is vague as to the number of the sleepers –variously, three or five or seven (18: 21)— stressing that their number is unimportant, only the moral lesson of their faith in Allah is important. That there was one dog, the Koran assents (18: 21). It was the guardian of the sleepers, stretching out his legs at the entrance of the cave (18: 18). In one place, it is suggested that the dog's name was *al-raqïm* (Ali 730, note 2336). *Al-raqïm* generally means stone inscription. In any case, *raqïm* is related to the Arabic word for number, *raqam* (*raqm*), which would give the story another astronomical undertone.

line 2: "the seven-languaged dead:" These seven sleepers spoke seven dead languages among themselves. The sleepers had been sleeping so long

that all seven of the languages they used to speak before falling asleep had ceased to be spoken.

line 12: "home-drive:" home stretch in driving heat

"Horus VI: Celestial Fire" (p. 42):

Sometime during the reign of the god Osiris who ruled the world, his brother Seth murdered him and cut his body into fourteen pieces. Seth took over the rule of the world. Isis, Osiris's wife, was already pregnant when Osiris was murdered. When Horus, Osiris's son with whom Isis was pregnant when Osiris was murdered, grew of age, he sought, tracked down, and slew his uncle Seth in a vicious fight. Horus came to rule the world in turn after avenging his father Osiris. See the note on "ink" (Horus III: line 9) on p. 133, above.

For the ancient celestial fire of the title, see de Santillana and von Dechend, *Hamlet's Mill* (op. cit.), a study of astronomy and myth in ancient cultures.

"The Shattered Vision of Gilgamesh" (pp. 47-51):

This poem is a rewriting of the old Sumerian/ Akkadian/Babylonian/Assyrian (etc.) myth of Gilgamesh, the semi-divine figure who dominated the cultural scene of Mesopotamia for 2,000 years as Moses dominated that of Arabia/Syria/Palestine/ Israel. Gilgamesh is often depicted in sculpture as a "Lord of the Animals," holding an animal in each hand.

The poem was written in two spurts with a five-year gap in between. The point of writing the first (and longer) section of the poem was to get at the crux of the third of the three events in the first section:
(1) Gilgamesh encounters human destiny, i.e., the fact of mortality, through the death of his friend Enkidu, the tamed (and civilized) Wildman;
(2) Gilgamesh attains through trial at the hands of the gods, the vision that can bestow immortality upon him (even though he fails the trial and is deemed unworthy by the gods);
(3) Gilgamesh loses the vision through lack of concentration and perseverance; and also, significantly, because of his human honor—he was saving the elixir (vision) for the elders of Ur of the Chaldees, the city of which he was king (poetic license for another city of Sumer, Uruk/Erech). The question which the poem raises in the third part of the first section is, what is the significance of Divine Vision if it is mutilated and destroyed by the ordinary reality we had hoped would be transformed by the vision?

The second section and real finale of the poem is Gilgamesh's transformation through Divine Vision to a new kind of divinity, a unitive divinity that transcends the realm of the gods to which he had earlier aspired. It is written in response to a mystical experience in the Divine Zone which descended on me on Christmas Eve, 1978.

"Light Throughs" (p. 53):

> ii: 2: "founts:" "Founts" is used here as a transitive verb.
>
> ii: 3: "brilliance (from *briller* [French]: to shine): radiance, shine, "shiningness."

"Swarming Light Locusts" (p. 76):

> ii: 1: "thrills:" penetrates (as if with a needle), excites, makes shiver, causes to vibrate and quiver (gloss of *Webster's Third New International Dictionary*, 3 vols. III: 2383 [Chicago and London: Encyclopedia Brittanica, Inc., 1966]).

"Tropic of Radiance (Winter Solstice Song)" (p. 88):

> line 10: "fulmin:" adjectival form of the verb to fulminate: to explode dazzlingly and thunderously.

"Eden III: A Return Journey to the Fountain of Wonder" (p. 99):

> lines 18 and 22: "eyes of your heart" (from the Persian, "*chasm-e del*," "eye of the heart," the Persian equivalent of the Hindu and Buddhist "third eye"): The eyes in your heart are much slower than your head-eyes. The Garden of Eden is only visible with the eyes of your heart.

"Time Tries to Define Light" (p. 111):

> line 5: "the rhythm of the thing:" This phrase is borrowed in spirit from Gerard Manley Hopkins' poem, "The Windhover." (Gerard Manley Hopkins, *Poems and Prose of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, Ed. W.H. Gardner (Baltimore and Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England: Penguin, 1970; no. 30: 10) "Stirred for a bird,--the achieve of , the mastery of the thing!"

"One of the Ten Thousand Rises" (p. 113):

> Note to the title: This is just a representative example of the infinite number of ants in the mythical Parade of the Ants. See Heinrich Zimmer, *Myth and Symbol in Indian Art,*, ed. Joseph Campbell (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1972), "The Parade of the Ants" (Chapter 1), 3 ff.

"Black Radiance II (Just Light III)" (p. 116):

> The Pseudo-Dionysios (writing under the name of Dionysios the Areopagite) says that if we move without thought but rather with our hearts and souls, we find ourselves alone:
>
> > …in the dazzling obscurity of the secret Silence, outshining all brilliance with the intensity of (mystery's) Darkness, and surcharging our blinded intellects with the utterly impalpable and invisible fairness of glories surpassing all beauty…borne on high, through pure and entire self-abnegation into

> the superessential Radiance of the Divine Darkness.
>
> Dionysios the Areopagite (the Pseudo-Dionysios), *The Mystical Theology: The Divine Darkness; from Mysticism: A Study and an Anthology*, ed. F.C. Happold (Baltimore: Penguin, 1964) 191.

"Qalansuwara II" (p. 124):

> line 2: *qalandar* (Persian word of unknown origin, perhaps from India): a kind of ecstatic Sufi dervish wandering the world in abandon, seeking inner contentment of the heart. Outwardly a *qalandar* is/was marked with a completely shaven head and face (to display the moonlike beauty reflecting the Divine).
>
> line 2: conical hat: *qalansuwwa* (Persian word), the characteristic hat of the *qalandars*.
>
> line 31: "unthrilled:" unpierced; unaffected (by)

Most of the poems of *Ocean of Suns* were written in Los Angeles, California, from 1980 to 1984. Those poems written later and elsewhere are so noted. *Ocean of Suns* was originally conceived of as the second in the series of *Light* books, of which there are some seven or eight.

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Light First, Light Last

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For Mani, Oppressed Prophet of Light
For Sohrawardi Who Died for Light
For Henry Corbin Who Passed On Light

And for the Buddhas
Who Do Not Yet Know
They Are Buddha
For The Darkness
Which Does Not Yet Know
Light is Present

For Buddhas and Jesuses
For Saying:
"I Am Light"
Thank You One and All

For the Great Cackler
Who Broods on Its
Egg of Light
At the Edge of Sky

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Light Sings

Light I: So Utterly Other Sings the Light

> "Surely We have revealved this in the night of power. And what will make you understand what the night of power is?"
>
> ---from the Koran, Sura XCVII

i

so utterly other does light shine
that light walks the earth dead
and does not recognize itself live
and this the disease divine spreads uncontrollably
ever is light
on the move
it is loving in your heart
so utterly other is light's life

yes, this that is other is my heart

ii

so utterly other sings the light
you cannot hear its fine-shined harmonies
beyond the aural spectrum, light drives home
its blinding truth
all things fall silent before light's burst of song
but light holds up the sky
with high its sustained pitch of radiance

Light IV: High Song of Light

light sings—
light is—
all alone in the dark
bright-fused harmony of dimensions springs
streams from eyes' vision ducts
vision spattered, tears splash, touch off light.
vision shattered, tears condense
back down to sundawn
there are no horizons where light sings
light
there is no other song to sing
light knows solely light

against light's urge to sight
light sees only inky recess of blackness
light goes out to eat it, but
the mouth of darkness opens up
--only to sing the high song of light!

Myth of Light

Light V: Chains of Prophets Link Light's Myths

the myth of light is like a viral parasite
no flesh no bones of its own
yet it spreads its genetic web
and catches those who look up in electric net
instantly mind takes shine,
is connected to the dead who fed light
who taken by light's love, their lives to it devoted.
light has found a new host, a new
carrier of its glory-disease

the myth of light, harnessing the symbol factory
takes over mind's flesh, replicating light's coded brilliance
with armies of harnessed egos and devoted prophets
going hot-cold, hot-cold, possessed by the fever of light
malarial light makes new spores to spread.
when he can stop trembling with stunning wonder
prophet speaks ice-hard edges of flaring fire
cutting through the blood-brain barrier.
as the lines take definite shape
even the ashes are become coded seeds of light

light doesn't belong to us
rather we belong to light
thus you just can't kill it
brilliance borrows our bodies to code the notes
in its far-flung song of firelight auroring.
ionized, transfused, our mind's blood shines

Light VI: Light, Take Two

the graft of light has not yet taken
on the surface of the murk

in no time at all
accelerating from void's zero
in instant mid-flight
leap of light strikes! light makes
wild stabs at the mass of turbids
there is a piercing and a rooting into the alien.
light shoots
begin to filter through murk tissue
probing void
the dark does not reject the light
the graft is taking

turgor in the tree of life
effuses up gush radiance
matter sublimates into light

Light VIII: Poem for L.A.: Angels

i

I think I've found
them, the angels, the guards
of the brainless Meglop Los Angeles,
since I've moved to Echo Park, Echo Park—
just north and east of downtown
but in the hills—
I've moodsed with
them, the questionable
angels of Los Angeles

they are three
I recognized them at once
their names aren't known to me
I saw them while delivering
Christmas champagne
offa route 57 going north, with the sun
setting red in the west and the moon
big white rising in the east, disk.

the bruised purple gloam
of the live-coal angel-wing:
Gabriel, last of the intelligences,
shining on the snow peaks of three
mountains on high, a ridge.
there could have been a fourth---
there was a lower peak to the east of those three
but the sun ray didn't hit it
when I saw three
peaks glisten *mind*
as L.A. grows dim…

last intelligence of the peaks
as L.A. grows grim, stupid dim…

someone says somethin' 'bout how
the San Gabriel Mountains fit in.
angels of the twilight
like same Gabriel messenger of dawn,
birth-ray-mountain-peak,
and the human-divine prophecy
sparks leaps across blacking gap
some say it's quite a feat
you know how the story goes
bright dream meets old quack, whack!—
goes the dream, up goes the rent
Hollywood—you know how worm-fire goes
flat on its feet and cracks its head
in point-drive ecstasy
eat from inside
some say it's quite a feat
but we know about eating fire
down the mouth: when the bright goes out

oh the angels sing ring sing
freeze-crystal light
shatter batter
with the whur-whun sun wing
stún!fly!
stún!fly!
stún!fly!

and there's a rumor they say
you can catch the last rays
as they fade grays into blacks

there may yet be some intelligence left
slithering electrical metal shell
quivering 'long rush-hour streets
Los Angeles, Los Angeles
look how the sun has sunk
before the angels rise
in the last rays of the sun
as you grow dim, film-flam Los Angeles
and the electric lights won't save you
and the eclectic lives roam and ingrave you
Los Angeles, you are dark ants
milling in a dead nest
you have turned your royal back to the sun
Los Angeles you do not feel
the peaks tower glower over
your live coals
Los Angeles the sunset heart
of your peaks doth cease to beat
you grow dim and can't see
you grow dim, crowed cocks in dark
crowded bees, Los Angeles!

ii

the gloom threads you to your winding sheet
nonetheless I now crown you, Los Angeles,
holy city---
holy city of the dark-starring, bright-sparring,
ultimate ram-rod brightrising
ray of the midnight sun

your name has called back
some of your power in the dead hours
and the lost and scattered particles of light
rise in the skyward-drawing heart-call
dancing in the hymn of your name:
Los Angeles.

and there's a rumor they say
you can catch the last red
dimming rays of the sun
as they fade to gray
and climb them back to ONE
resolution of the sound and light
wave interference pattern into white
which by rite of spirit is your own

and you go Om home
here claw, here mind-eye, here twilight—
dig!
dig back up through skylight!
and you go Om home

(winter solstice, 1978)

Light X: The Void is Light's Nest

dark fades before dawn's onslaught
light gains the day

riverine, the urge of
light preponderates over dark's solid
inertia. what was once not
now is
        light, for light fills void
instantaneously fulgid
light is working out the physical
logic to its own myth
zero to the power of light
is live to the bright degree

light crowns the peak
towards which the mass of dimensions mounts
light is the blood of the dimension network
no matter
how squashable
light's carrier

light unfolds slowly root-shooting from deep
within the turbid mists of electric mystery
light unfolds coming to a full head
time blooms into consciousness
when light strikes
time is not rider but mount

light drives on into prime
the galactic cluster of dimensions reaches threshold
and throbs into the cry of life
the night womb instantaneously galactic core,
all suns sparked into one fused phase change
consciousness erupts up electric spread of fulgence.

Light XI: Slow Steps of Devotion, Light Dance

by slow steps of devotion we dance our way
into the mythic heartland of cosmic urge:
first radiance!

by slow devotion to the myth of Master Dancer
by degrees, fading, we become absorbed into both
Dance and Dancer of light and dark
meat

the flesh made word made shine
the rhythm of the fuse possessing us more and more
we join the jet of light we worship.
light's dream made light, we stream

Dancing Ying-Yang of Light

Light XII: The Ying-Yang of the Tao

for the late Sohrab Sepehry,
modern Persian Mystical poet

at the cutting edge of the scream
sparks fly
light meets lead
light aches as it burns off the dead
the heart of light strains
as it beats blood-shine deep
into the pit of solid dark

seed of darkness blooms bright
pit of darkness bursts into light root

flowers in time

fruit

Light XV: *Mäyä II*
(The Creative-Urge of Living Dream)

i

I could sing you *mäyä* so sweet--- *mäya, mäyä,*
mäyä so sweet

mäyä wheezes through the smoky mists
there is a refuse heap in stinky slow burn…
in the glade beyond the eucalyptus trees…
chains of smoke weave new dreams
choke hope's escape holes as they warp
you cannot discern the dancing figures in the mists
but you know all along who they are
they are pulsing out new veins of smoke
Shiva is chanting with a dry rasp
hands clapping the void
into instant fulgence

ii

lights are growing mysteriously amidst the rising mists
a heart-shine comes to pressing view
lights leap faster than mist-rise
and fuse with knowing eyes
the eyes too are made of smoke

the web of *mäyä* blinks light…
in the essence of smoke…
there is a radiance playing
with the weft
the chains of smoke rise in exponential press of shine

iii

in your heart you weave
the web of galaxies
with your tongue you weave
the harmonics of void
with your eyes you call
the weave-wall of light
with your feet you dance
into Shiva
with your hands you weave
mäyä, *mäyä*, *mäyä* so sweet
hands clapping the void
into instant fulgence

the dream of light wakes up

Los Angeles, 1980 C.E.
Maryland, 2010 C.E.
3° Kelvin, 13.7 billion years
after the Big Bang (ABB)
Earth, Sol System, Orion Spur
Milky Way Galaxy
in the Web-Wall of Galaxies
riding the "Dark Flow"
towards the unseen Great Attractor
and Even Greater Attractor--
towards the unknown, the unseen…

Unified Domain
of Darkness and Radiance

Light XVI: Dance-Master I Pray

i

Shiva, Dance-Master, Lord—
they may prate of nurture and nature
but the greatest miracle is when you take
the stage in the vacuum center of my heart
and stamp me into the Light You Are

I pray You
dance me Light

ii

tears burst into showers' shine
pulses liquid light, aorta's oracle

many are the names I misname You, Dance-Master,
Ash-Bursting-Into-Tears'-Radiant-Rain!—
but in First Silence
Void Sea
I am clear
ly You,
love You

Plague Of Light

Light XXVI: Harvests Devastated into Light (Light Locusts II)

light locusts swarm up the dimension ladder
devouring all harvests of matter
they fly the sky at the apex of dimensions
they fly the sky, excreting light
their hive fuses into light
at the communal touch of mind's whine.

there is no king or queen to the Brownian confusion
light reigns supreme
it will not be mattered
rather, light brings all things
to the high-flinging pitch of radiance transformation

light collects itself among its minds
it is focal touch of time
greater and greater is the shine
light reigns sublime

Light Breaks Through

Light XXX: Presence Pressure

presence pressure pressing brilliance
the root of light is gripping ground
the sky cracks in fragmenting dawns
light is breaking through everywhere
light is taking root in the nowhere
spits seeds at the speed of shine,
light rooted in the radiance of mind.
thrives light so live at the dimension line
where fuses from skew pulses,
the *up-urge-thrust* that *is*
Presence.

Light XXXIII: Heaven Matters

heaven is arrived
appeared in the night
full at first sight
(old redwoods where asteroids used to grow)

all at once time opened up
by doubt-stopping, blasting light…
the blinded can still see its bright.
matter grafted onto radiance,
light bursts into space

Light XXXIV: Collapse Massed

reduced to the bare pound
of gravity's crush, light massing
into light

Light XXXVI: Omega Point Grows One

(for the late Teilhard de Chardin)

at the height of night
under the pressure of light
the pistil pinnacle of radiance pierces:
its stamen rays' studding stab
breaks through the frame of time and space
to create a dimension
all its own

the sea of light washes out
all traces of space and time
the Omega Point spreading out
its new home
Knowing Presence fully come into Its Own

Light XXXVII: Dawn And Stone
(Bloodstone I)

i

light sloshes around the bloodstone
light breathes in deep
void

the bloodstone cracks into dawn
light' word strikes down
mind's walls. all now
is subject to magnetic radiance

ii

intense beyond the visible
the shine drives home
all eyed-minds
feel the inline of light
home is where sun and void
are fused into one stream of light.
all dimensions collapse into the center of consciousness:
all-fusing light

Light XLIV: Light Scends the Time Barrier

light hears the gravity waves
pounding
light hears the gravity waves
in the surf of time
light hears them coming from the future
falling far down the chutes
bouncing and bounding now-wards
echoing down from the far
here-wards

light hears the gravity waves
bearing down from the far wall of past
light hears the harsh grinding down
as the past catches up to light

light sits in the time-well of ever-now
and takes the gravity hits
echoing now-wards from past
and future
bearing down
light is caught in gravity's time press
light is caught in the squeezing
coming and going
light breaks the time barrier
light breaks the space barrier
light scends beyond

C.E. 11-01-2010
MWG, in the "Dark Flow"
towards the unseen… unknown

Light Gathers…

Light XLV: Light Pulls Itself Out of You

you cannot catch up to it
light is always ahead
light is always ahead of you
sucking you up into deepest core of shine

light is not waiting for you
to catch up to it
light is switching you on
to shine
now you are ahead of yourself
now you leave yourself behind
light is gathering you into the shine
you become

you are always becoming
the light
you are

11-01-2010
MWG

Light XLVI: Light Collects Itself

i

in birth,
squeezed out from close warm darkness
scream falling, dropping into cold
space
slowly the mind-thrust weaves its nerves into shine

ii

the magnetic net is spread to collect
the scattered hive of light—
humming static in the vastness.
light learns to shriek to break the interference
beyond the fourth dimension light collects itself
resolved into the call of white whine

Light XLVII: Pseudopodia Hit Stride

(for the late Teilhard de Chardin)

the moving urge in matter has gathered
has formed tongue to anguish's form
has been tormented to fine slice
under diamond-hardness-making pressure
thus redefined, this urge cuts space prisons to rainbows
overfloods prisms, now fully become
articulate—says what it knows it is—
the urge forms the word:
"light"

Light XLVIII: Descendance of Light

long has light held the sky
out of sight was light and out of touch
now light has gained the ground,
come to reign urge-massed its full domain
now light has found voice
to declare mystery's form
now light has attained speech
to proclaim the hidden recesses of radiance
light has turned the tide of dark
light has turned the universe inside out
now light recognizes what it is

Light XLIX: Light Resolves II

solar core is so total boring shine
no time, no space, will hold it.
all dimensions melt into its molten
expressance of unbridled light
all black holes reverse their roles
spit back their captured light
undulate wavering of black waves
as they are resolved into white
black holes under light pressure
get sucked back up into sun
primal shine

Light LI: *Chikhai Bardo*

when you hear
the white whine of divine shine
shrill your ear, pierce your mind
with such thrust that you are thrown back
flat against the crushing void
you know infinity is in high gear
and you are escaping black's jet gravity
at the velocity of instantaneous light

Light LII: Simply Beyond

we know what pain is
we do not bother to say it
we do not bother
for light is beyond
we do not mention hope
light is beyond hope light is anyway light is
we do not know how to say light is
light is beyond speech light is anyway
light is beyond belief light is anyway light is
beyond compare
always light
is better

always light

Bloodlight

Light LIV: Some Stars Never Recover from Nova

stars pale from extensive
loss of blood
come orgasm, the distended
sun vessels burst red giant spread

some stars never recover from nova
light is a disease like all others
it carries all before its flood shine
full-urged
the light madness has magnetic grip
makes grasp-passes of the blackness of void
nonetheless void conceives, birthes bright
light induces its rampant refulgence beyond reflection

Light LV: Amoeboid Mass of Light

an amoeboid mass of light
gathers as it will, urges gainst void
the night is prey to unconscious incursions
magnetic fulgence homing in on night
consciousness comes to,
out of nowhere
snowballing flare
light's taproot founds down
dawn
founts

light's spring bleeds brilliance deep
through the fabric of dark
void is engrained with shine's whine

Resurrection of Radiance

Light LIX: Resurrection of Radiance

webbed track of scars across my heart
reveal where the dead stars sleep
but no one knows from which vein of sky
new light will rise, red pounding
into white

the dead stars even link in dream
seeking in and listening for
the grappling hooks singing the magic code
in the pulse of light invoke
the resurrection of radiance

Light LX: Light Stirs

i

light from its mothballed cocoon
calls you to fly again

yet you drag your feet in murk's muck
because you must and must until
the trunk of space breaks off into light
you thus tread the darkness

the places where your feet touched light
have long since vanished back into blackness
you weave a cocoon of black strands
signing the sounds of light's streaks into mind

ii

inside the cocoon light again
rises into song. soon, new wings
will take off
the nest of darkness
will fly light

where once, the black signed
midst the harsh genetic code,
now flashes the answer without a question—
light dancing out of black
hole

light weaves
black holes
into its rhythm of radiance

Light LXI: Ghost-Light

light haunts darkness
light is endemic to night.
epidemic dawn, high rise of disease divine
breaks out the mind

light haunts the hard edge of daybright
such edges crack, crumble and collapse
when the ghost gathers its flesh

when the ghost gathers its flesh
dimensions are reconfigured in radiance
dimensions are pulled into
the magnetic pole of radiance
dimensions align to light
when the ghost gathers its flesh

Light LXIII: Enlightenment II (Ishräq)

(in memory of Sohrawardi)

the first beam of dawn comes up red
mind finds itself fit into matter
lightning had grounded into void and realized form
Gabriel Angel lights its tongue,
speaks dawn and the resurrection of dead light.

the void inside matter bursts into light
dawn has gained sustained radiance

Light LXIV: Light-Rise

i

investing the black hole with live, itself---
light-shine--- sourceless--- light-shine
rises in the dead of night

ii

thus is sudly light
…the real voice of light
stunning silence
the miracle dwarfs the underpull:
disdaining argument, the open
main of radiance blazes

In the Beginning…

Light LXVII: Eden's Mystery Held in the Dawn Eye

there is no mercy in the Garden of Eden
only the instant seizure of grace
there is a sob caught in the throat
there is a moan seeking its home
there is a tear in the eye
which holds its own
open
against the unrelieved glory, splendor unrelenting
there is no new day in Eden
this is the *first* day
(even the leaves aren't green, but white)

sense staggers as it drinks *up*
the mountain of light
the eye is the relentless fountain
on this, the first day---
when the leaves are white
and light is in flower

Light LXVIII: Garden of Eden, Take Two

i

the entrance into the Garden of Eden
slowly dawns on your mind
you are pummeled by hurricanes of wonder
the Gates are charged with fresh presence
you realize
there is nothing, nothing, nothing wrong
the leaves blaze

you see the tree of life
when this you recognize
you burst wailing into peals of joy
now you know and walk with life
never was there such pointless abandon of light
you are speechless with wonder
you do not bother to name
you don't even try to say
how much more this is than anything else

with your eye, with your ear
with hand, tongue, and tear
you touch the living mystery

ii

deep in Eden's chant-chant enchantment
you are caught by vines' twining, entranced
by leaves' green breeze and birds' chirp-chirp chirrup
the lushness of splendor is overgrown
arching high over you with a thick canopy of light
primordial rain forest of light
bearing down through you
thrilling drill of brilliance
driving home: bright gusher!
there is no release, no relief
(---just flusher, ever flusher---)
there is no release, no relief
to the onslaught of glory

Light LXIX: Just Light

"All are annihilated
But it remains, the Face of your Lord,
Benign Shine of Resplendence."
---Koran

i

light is always here
on the other side of time

ii

up from matter, up from space,
climbing and rooting the sky,
sudly – just light! just light is left Present
light has attained sustained radiance

Deep Radiance

Deep Radiance, No. 1

the gloss is off
the gloss is off
the skin
the sheen has shone
and gone

what is left is the heart-core
covered with year-layers of ash

what do we expect of the heart-sun
in the year
after year
after year...?

--except to shine
brighter than ever
when compressed back
into the home zone of radiance

the gloss is off
but heart-radiance has hit
the main sequence of stars
the radiance will press out

we all know better...
the gloss is off
we all know better...
we all know better than to think
that just because the gloss is off
that our shine is diminished
we all know better...
we all know better than to think
that just because the gloss is off

that I-Universe cannot shine deeper than ever
we all know better…
the gloss *is* off
but the deep radiance has just begun
to do its work in the far parsecs
of time-space yet to come
to mind

we all know better...
the deep radiance has *just* begun
the deep radiance has just be*gun*
the deep radiance has just begun

20 August 2000 & June/July 2001 CE
Maryland, U.S.A.
3° Kelvin, 13.7 billion years
after the Big Bang (ABB)
Earth, Sol System, Orion Spur
Milky Way Galaxy in the Virgo Cluster
and Virgo Supercluster of Galaxies
in the Fornax-Shapley
Superclump of Galaxies
riding the "Dark Flow"
towards the unknown… unseen…
"Great Attractor"
all in the Web-Wall of Galaxies
streaming towards the unknown…
"Even Greater Attractor"
in the allwhere
of the known and unknown
Universe

DEEP RADIANCE, No. 2

I, Universe, shine
in love-amplitudes
for which there is yet
no measure
except
the scream

we all know better...
we all know better than to think
that just because the gloss is off
that we cannot shine brighter than ever
that we, I-Universe, cannot shine
deeper than ever
in the black vastness
inside and around us

we all know better...
the gloss is off the void
but the deep radiance has just begun
to take hold in void vastness
inside and around us

the deep radiance has just begun to take hold
deep radiance has just begun
to call *this*:
"home"
the deep radiance has *just* begun
the deep radiance has just begun.

Late July & 8 August 2001 C.E.
3° Kelvin, 13.7 billion years
after the Big Bang (ABB)
Maryland, U.S.A.
Earth, Sol System, Orion Spur
Milky Way Galaxy in the Virgo Cluster
and Virgo Supercluster of Galaxies
in the Fornax-Shapley
Superclump of Galaxies
riding the "Dark Flow"
towards the unknown… unseen…
"Great Attractor"
all in the Web-Wall of Galaxies
streaming towards the unknown…
unseen… "Even Greater Attractor"
in the allwhere
of the known and unknown,
the seen and the unseen…

Notes

Note on orthography: an umlaut is used throughout in place of a macron to indicate a long vowel as in *mäyä* (Pronounced "maayaa").

Light I: note to superscript: The prophet could not read words. The prophet read the light singing as it burst his heart.

Light V: note to title: See Henry Corbin, *The Man of Light in Iranian Sufism*

Light VI: line 10: to sublimate: to go from solid to gaseous state without the intermediate liquid state

Light VIII: line 5: forming radiance: first aspect: radiance which is forming; second aspect: the formation of radiance has a meaning.

note to title: angels: symbolic leaps to the uni-essence of reality. They must be realized by perceiving the sensory and mythic simultaneously. By "mythic" is here meant: *les réalités des correspondents à Baudelarie, le vrai surréal, les réalités des fénêtres sans limites* (the realities of the [unseen] correspondents [to seen things], the true surreal ["more than real," i.e., more than the sensory], the realities of windows (looking out into) limitlessnesses, infinities). The harmonics of myths and symbols are such that they are infused with the resonances and tiers of resonating meanings. At the full range of angelic pitch, all the realities collapse into, break into, or are fused into, the one high divine whine. This is somewhat like the case of the sides of a parabola indefinitely extended approaching a line to which it is tangent at an infinite

distance, or the case of parallel lines meeting at the horizon (infinity). Since at this breaking pitch, the one high divine whine has no comparative resonance, no second dimension different from itself with which its depth could be measured by parallax, the one divine whine appears flat to the human mind. This is why humans recoil from the divine.

The Sufis have no end to descriptions of all this. Helpful for understanding and growing into angelic realms is the reading of Henry Corbin's *L'Archange Empourpré*, a translation and study of the mystic recitals of the Persian mystic martyr, Sheikh Sohrawardï al-Maqtül. At the far end of the spectrum, the divine as versus the angelic part of the spiritual continuum, the "Divine Darkness" of the pseudo-Dionysios is most apposite. As sound (versus symbol, as mainly used above) the divine whine is called *nadam* in Tantric Hinduism. *Nadam* is the seed syllable from which all other sounds and realities are created. When vocalized, it is pronounced "Aum" (Om). *Nadam* is the point where the physical energy of the universe (*shakti*, *mäyä*) pierces the quiescent stillness of pure spirit (*shakta*, Shiva) as a sperm fertilizes an egg.

We here appened a portion of a vision of the teenage Ruzbehan Baqli Shirazi (1128-1209), translated from the Persian by Henry Corbin (*En Islam Iranien*, v. III, 25):

Cette fois il m'apparut dans ma vision que j'étais en la montagne de l'Orient, et je voyais là tout un groupe d'Anges. De l'Orient à l'Occident il y avait une vaste mer, et je ne voyais rien d'autre. Alors les Anges me dirent: "Entre dans cette mer et nage jusqu'à l'Occident." J'entrai dans la mer et me mis à nager. Lorsque j'arrivai au ponant du Soleil, à l'heure de son déclin je vis un groupe d'Anges sur la montagne de l'Occident; ils étaient illuminés par la lumière du

Soleil couchant. Ils me crierent: "Toi, là-bas! nage et n'aie pas peur." Lorsque je parvins enfin à la montagne, ils me dirent: "Nul n'a franchi cette mer, hormis 'Alï ibn Abï Täleb et toi après lui."

(This time it came to me in my vision that I was on the Mountain of the East, and I saw there a whole band of angels. From east to west there was a vast ocean and I saw nothing else. Then the angels said to me: 'Go on into this ocean and swim as far as the West." I went into the ocean and started swimming. When I arrived to the westernmost point of the sun at sunset I saw a group of angels on the Mountain of the West; they were illuminated by the light of the setting sun. They cried out to me: "Over there! Swim and have no fear!" When I arrived at last to the mountain, they said to me: "No one has passed over this ocean except for Alï ibn Abï Täleb and you after him.")

Light X: line 29: fuse: 1)fuse; 2)fusion.

Light XI: line 9: fuse: fusion
line 11: "we" is in apposition to "light's dream"

Light XII: note to title: for Taoism, see the *Tao Te Ching* (Book of the Way) by Lao Tzu. The "*Yin-Yang*" is a Chinese symbol of opposing principles in nature: feminine-masculine, passive-active, dark-light, cold-hot, wet-dry, *etc.* All nature is formed from the combination of those two principles. The seed of darkness is embedded in the field of light and *vice versa.*

Light XVI: line 6: pray: one of its aspects verbally is a transitive verb meaning, "I make You by praying" – this is a very simple magical statement at the mere primary

conjunction level of events; second aspect: "I ask you by prayer."

line 7: dance me Light: 1) "dance me into Light;" 2) "make me (some) light by dancing as consciousness" – one of the meanings of "Shiva" is "consciousness" as in the mantra, "*Om Namah Shivaya*".

Light XXXIII: note to title: to matter: 1) to become matter 2) to be of significance and import, hence to be important

line 9: into: this has a secondary meaning of, "in upon," as in, "He burst *in upon* the group of Bedouin huddled around the fire with the news of that day's distant disaster."

Light XXXVI: note to title: Omega Point: the convergence and fusion of the Noösphere (Earth as a sphere of consciousness) and the Divine. See *The Phenomenon of Man* by Teilhard de Chardin.

Light XXXVII: line 8: shines down: through shining causes mind walls to fall down.

Light XLIV: line 21: shine: 1) a noun modified by "alive," 2) imperative verb

Light XLV: note on title: See Genesis 3:22 for "tree of life."

line 22: essence: here one of its meanings is "consciousness," as in the *shakta* (Shiva) of the jewel (*mani*) at the root of the flower of *mäyä* (lotus: *padme*: the creative and "female" – *shakti* – energy of the Goddess Kali-) as illustrated by the *shakta-shakti* Tantric mantra, "*Aum Mani Padme Hüm*"

Light XLVIII: note to title: descendance: translation of the Arabic verbal noun *nuzül* used in the sense of prophecy descended from "On High" ("*Elish*", from the title of the Sumerian epic poem, its finest words being, "*Enuma Elish*" "When on High.")

Light LI: note to title: Chikhai Bardo: first bardo (intermediate state) of death according to the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* (Dawa-Samdup and Evans-Wentz, Causeway Books, New York, 1973: p. 89) wherein is encountered the Primary Clear Light (Mother Clear Light).

line 8: the note on the passage, "Those who recognize the fundamental Clear Light… obtain the Unborn *Dharma-käyä* (Body of Reality), by the Great Perpendicular Path" (*ibid*., p. 89) reads as follows: "… 'the Great Straight Upward Path.' One of the Doctrines peculiar to Northern Buddhism is that spiritual emancipation, even Buddhahood, may be won instantaneously, without entering upon the *Bardo* Plane and without further suffering on the age-long pathway of normal evolution which traverses the various worlds of *sangsäric* existence… If the disciple can be made to see and to grasp the Truth as soon as the guru reveals it, that is to say, if he has the power to die consciously, and at the supreme moment of quitting the body can recognize the Clear Light which will dawn upon him then, and become one with it, all *sangsäric* bonds of illusion are broken asunder immediately: the Dreamer is awakened into Reality simultaneously with the mighty achievement of recognition." (*ibid.,* p. 89)

There are many more passages from this most important of books which would be apposite as commentary but space does not permit further quotation. The serious reader is refered to pp. 89-101 (*ibid*.).

Light LV: line 9: dawn 1)adjective for "founts" (plural noun) 2) noun, subject of the verb "founts"
line 10) founts: 1)object of preposition "down," plural noun modified by "dawn" 2) verb (in simple present tense) of "dawn" (subject)

Light LVII: line 1: ichor (Greek): blood of the gods (as nectar is their food)

Light LXIII: note on title and dedication: Sohrawardi: Sheikh Shihäbuddïn Yahya Sohrawardï al-Maqtül (the martyred), Sheikh al-Ishräq (The Master of Enlightenment), executed at age 37 (d. 1189 A.D.). See Henry Corbin's translation of his mystical recitals collected under the title, *L'Archange Empourpré*, Fayard, Paris, 1976.

line 2: fit: fitted

line 4: Gabriel Angel: the Archangel of Prophecy, the first ray of dawn to hit the peak of Mt. Damavand in Iran. The Simorgh's nest is said to be on Mt. Damavand which is in sight of Tehran (on a clear day) where the author resided and witnessed the Simorgh. See "Raven" in the epilogue of our *The Archangel Commands Your Rapture*. According to Sohravardï, red is the first color after white as light descends into material form. Conversely, moving back up to light, the red dawn announces the white of pure light. Hence the wings of Gabriel Angel are bruised reddish-purple (*sorkh*) according to Sohrawardï.

Light LXVIII: line 11: Genesis 3:9, 22-24: "And they (Adam and Eve) heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day…

And the Lord God said, 'Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live Forever:'
Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." (English translation, King James Version of the Bible)

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Note on the history of this book: Most of the poems (including the notes) were written in Los Angeles, California, Earth (*etc.*), in 1980 & 1981 but many were revised and expanded (or shortened) in 2010.

The numbering of the poems follows the 1981 recension of the text.